

Department Store

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Jewelry, Photographs, Curios, Kodaks, Newspapers, Books, Periodicals, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Furniture, Carpets, Upholstery, Logging and Mining Equipments, Everything Needed on the Frontier, Everything Suitable for the City. Information in Regard to Big Game Hunting Grounds and Scenic Attractions of the Stikine, a Specialty. Transportation Arranged.

CAPS

CAPS

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CAPS

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

RESUME OF PAST YEAR

Happenings Chronicled in Sentinel During Year

January—Indian woman died in this town, aged over 100 years. Carson and Denny circulated petition for a saloon license. Ella Richards wrecked. Mining News established at Ketchikan. Fire in St. Michael Tdg. Co. store. Jefferson ran out of fuel and waited at Wrangell for three days. Two babies born here.

February—Mint Saloon opened. The drama "Shamus Aroon" produced by a local cast. Sawmill started for 1907. Greif offered to donate land for water reservoir. Firemen's Ball a success.

March—Jack Price passed bogus check in Wrangell. Walter Woodbridge came to town, weak from starvation. First miners arrived to go up the river. The Shingle mill at Anita Bay torn down for removal to Wrangell. Three big fire extinguishers arrived. Wrangell mill received contract for 150,000 feet of lumber for government. Town ticket nominated.

April—Town election occurred. Boat damaged by collision with rock near Point Shakesy. Sgt. Perry and Miss Ethel Rowell married. Chilkat brings scows for Wrangell cannery.

May—Sanitary crusade inaugurated. Capt. A. K. Rasmussen married to Miss E. Holstad. DeVighe resigns as school officer. Capt. Pillsbury makes investigation of Dry Straits. L. J. Cole tore down disgraceful old shack. Mrs. Robt. Reid died in Quebec. Decoration Day ceremonies arranged. Wrangell to celebrate July 4. J. S. Brew commits suicide at Olympic mines. Mount Royal arrived from south. J. W. Haskins died near Vancouver.

June—Shingle mill commences operations. Garnet ledge sold. Big doings arranged for July 4.

July—Shakespeare club organized by Wrangell ladies. Spokane arrives with tourists. Meeting held to arrange for water works; enthusiasm died next day. Fourth celebrate 1. The Mount Royal wrecked. Glacier Basin claims worked.

August—Floating dock assured. Lu-decke sues for old flag. Theresa Stedman drowned from Far Niente. Work commenced on floating dock. Work at Basin mines suspended.

September—Misses Volin arrive to open public school. C. C. Baker and Miss Ryus married in Ketchikan. Survey work of townsite resumed. St. Michael Co. buys wharf. Floating dock completed. Wrangell youngsters leave for Chemawa school.

October—United Wireless stock sold here. School entertainment given. The Thlinget Trading Co. organized. Sawmill closed for winter. "Fritz" Kussman dies. Sailor drowned at Petersburg dock.

November—Republican primary held. Wheeler builds on wharf property. A bunch of Kanakas given good time in Alaska towns. Congdon's baby born and died. Convention held at Juneau. Council advertises for rats. Collins' big pile driver inst. Thanksgiving Day is appropriately observed.

December—Hindus go to Treadwell. Orchestra organized. Albert White, a drunken native, drowned. Christmas a merry one in Wrangell. Robt. Reid dies in Victoria.

Incidentally we will state that no new walk has as yet been built from Front Street to Stikine Avenue.

TO ELECTRIC LIGHT USERS

On account of shortage of fuel the electric lights will only be burned until 1 o'clock a. m. until further notice.

MRS. L. J. COLE.

Last spring Sergt. John Perry received from his father in Pennsylvania a quantity of genuine, old-fashioned, home-made maple sugar, and last Friday evening he called in a few friends for a little "sugarin' off." There was snow, and the party soon "got wax" and at "warm sugar" until all had toothache. The process of sugar-making was explained in minute detail by Sergt. Perry, to the entertainment and amusement of the party.

Council meeting tonight. Take your prescriptions to the Baker Drug Co.

Clothes nicely cleaned and pressed at reasonable prices. MISS LINHART.

THE OLD RELIABLE CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

still continues the Leader as the Depot for

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES

You will Save 10 Per Cent

By coming to this store for your Groceries, Fruits, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Laces, Threads, Hosiery, Hardware, Etc.

Big Outfits a Specialty

CALL ONCE AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED

To Our Patrons:

We Thank You for Your Patronage during the past year, and wish you a

Happy and Prosperous New Year

St. Michael Trading Company

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 235 F St., Washington, D. C.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M., Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 8:30 P. M., Sunday.
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
Midweek Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIPS—EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for Natives, 10:30 A. M.
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.
Bible School, 2:30 P. M.
Vespers—Native service, 8:30 P. M.
Services in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday, at 4:30 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY P. CORSE, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Roses Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at Jail, Sunday, 10:30 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M.
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:30.
RHYMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major.
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

ROBERT W. JENNINGS
Attorney at Law

JUNEAU, ALASKA

Stickine Tribe No. 5
Imp. O. R. M.
Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell.
Boys' Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.
E. J. SNYDER, J. P. SNYDER, Secem.
V. R. SNYDER, C. of R.

SALMAGUNDI

(Printing Location Notices kept in stock sale at SENTINEL office.

\$100 REWARD

I will pay One Hundred Dollars for the recovery of Photo Plates lost by the Boundary Survey party in Bradford River, about seven miles from its mouth. Spot marked by broken canoe on bank. For further particulars, apply to

F. MATHESON.

TRADERS AND TRAPPERS

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullman, New York, pays highest prices for furs.

"Uncle John" Findlayson has been somewhat under for some time past. He is ninety-three years old.

Billy Richardson's logging crew came in from Blind River in the narrows, last Saturday, to spend a few days in town.

Richard Davis and Lucy Kake, both Kake natives were married by Adj. R. Smith at Wrangell S. A. Barracks, Sunday last, Dec. 29, 1907.

An unauthenticated report is current to the effect that the sawmills in this locality will pay \$4.50 per M. for logs this season, as against \$5 formerly paid.

Recent boiler tests of peat taken from the tundra ground along the beach near Nome, wherein it was demonstrated that 2.5 tons of peat equal one ton of imported coal for generating steam.

It is said that the Queen Charlotte Islands are likely to become soon the scene of busy mining operations, and that Rockefeller money will do the business. There must be something there of value, else Coal Oil Johnny would never have "unhitcheed."

Had someone told us, we would have previously mentioned the new sidewalk that has been built from the Presbyterian church to the government school. Let this be a lesson, and when that walk is completed between Front Street and Stikine Avenue, let us know, so that we may inform the world.

The dog-poisoner, the most despicable, cringing, coward, is again at work at his nefarious practice in Wrangell, and during the past few weeks several canines have fallen victims to his inhumanity. It is really to be deplored that the beast—aye, worse than beast—who does this poisoning can not be apprehended, so that an example might be made of him by crowding a goodly portion of his deadly poison down his dastardly throat.

A little thought for 19-8:
"You'll find, to your surprise,
A lot of difference if you don't
Forget to advertise."

The pupils of the public school had a week's vacation, but school commenced again Monday, instead of extending the vacation until after New Years, as is usually the case. This will let school out a few days earlier at the end of the school year.

Messrs. Hadrian and Thermosater were over from Petersburg in the little launch "Sport," Saturday last, returning Sunday. They report, deep-water fishing in full blast in that locality. Mr. Thermosater is S. L. Hogue's right-hand man, and while in town ordered some job printing for that busy merchant. He also ordered the Sentinel for a year.

The masquerade ball at Red Men's Hall, Tuesday evening, was a grand success. There were about sixty people in costumes ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. Quite a number of the Jefferson's passengers were present, and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. The prizes were awarded as follows: for most gorgeous costume, Miss May Sylvester; second, Mrs. Carlson. Best lady waltzer, Miss Eleanor Lynch; second, Mrs. Kincaid. Best gent waltzer, Mike Lynch, second, Alex. Vreath. Best sustained lady character, Mrs. Lindman; second, Miss Aurora Lemieux. Best sustained gent character, Charley Lynch second, John Kolb. Most comical costume, Charley Bielby.

Our townsman and merchant, F. Matheson surprised us all Tuesday evening when, returning from a presumably business trip, he brought Mrs. Matheson with him. The bride will be remembered by Wrangell people as Miss Winters, who formerly taught in the native school here, and they were married at Portland, Oregon. SENTINEL joins with the countless friends of the worthy and capable groom in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Matheson most hearty congratulations and best wishes. Mrs. Matheson will be a valuable addition to Wrangell's social life.

Rubber Goods

Why have Cold Feet? A Hot water bag will Keep them warm
Quality Right. Prices Right

BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS

WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Postage Stamps at Cost
Leave Your Headache Here
Thank You!
Please Call Again

A CARD

We have been established in business at Wrangell just six months. Having received a generous portion of the Drug trade from the time we opened our doors, we wish to thank you all for your patronage, and ask a continuance of your good will. Call and get one of our calendars for 1908. Very respectfully yours,

THE BAKER DRUG CO.

Sled for sale, cheap. Inquire of Sergt. McNarney at the cable office.

The whalers of the North Pacific and Arctic oceans have made the largest and richest catch this season that has been known for a number of years. The vessels have all returned laden with whale bone, all of them touching at Unalaska for supplies and fuel. The whalers caught from five to twelve whales each, and as each fish is worth from \$8,000 to \$12,000 it will easily be seen that the owners and seamen are very jubilant over the season's catch. The Herman, Capt. Jas. H. Tilton, secured the largest catch, taking twelve valued at \$150,000. The bark Balluga secured nine, Wm. Balis six, Karluk six, Belvedere six, Jeanette five. The Bowhead, which was reported some weeks ago, caught nine. The total value of the catch this season will be over half a million dollars. Of this amount two thirds will go to the owners of the vessels and one third is divided among the sailors. Formerly the oil of the whale was saved, as it was quite valuable, but of recent years other oils that are much cheaper have taken the place of whale oil. Whale bone brings a large price in the market, having been quite scarce for the past few years.—D. I. News.

John Wall came up on the Jefferson from Ketchikan to spend a few days.

Mr. Sherlock, the new cable operator, came up on the Jefferson from Seattle.



There are more McCall Patterns sold in the United States than of any other make of patterns. This is on account of their style, accuracy and simplicity. McCall's Magazine (The Queen of Fashion) has more subscribers than any other Ladies Magazine. One year's subscription (12 numbers) costs 25 cents. Latest number, 5 cents. Every subscriber gets a McCall Pattern Free. Subscribe today.

Lady Agents Wanted. Handsome premiums or liberal cash commission. Pattern Catalogue (showing 400 patterns) sent free. Address THE McCALL CO., New York.

Friday last, December 27, was Talitha Enley's eighth birthday anniversary, and in honor of the event about twenty of her playmates were invited to the family home to spend the afternoon in playing innocent games and otherwise enjoying themselves. Ice cream and cakes were served to the merry party, and all present enjoyed themselves to the fullest measure.

That piece of paper which you receive Saturday reads like this: "Yourself and ladies are cordially invited to attend a hard time social and dance at Wrangell Hotel, Saturday, January 4, 1908, to be given by Frank Farner and Ed. Lindman. Music by Mr. Denny, Prof. Edson and Pauline Snyder."

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Standard Oil's affinity is Miss Dividend.

"Make good or don't bluff" is a bit slangy, but it expresses the idea in compact form.

A musical play entitled "The White Hen" has gone out of business. Too many eggs, we suppose.

A crazy man tied the rope of a church bell around his waist and rang a wild alarm. He had rats in his belfry.

It is too late to tax George Washington with lying. He's dead, and taxation without representation doesn't go.

"Does automobilizing hurt the face?" asks one of our contemporaries. We have seen faces that it had changed to mere ruins.

Although it has been reported that the chestnut crop is a failure, every public man seems to be getting a few into his speeches.

Now that a Staten Island minister is reading his novel from the pulpit we may expect a lot of struggling authors to enter the ministry.

At this distance it looks as if the woman who exchanged Artist Earle, her husband, for \$200,000 in real money, made an exceptionally good trade.

When everything else in this country seems satisfactory, some one can be depended on to get up and knock the constitution or one of its amendments.

Two cigar boxes of bumble bees have been sent to the Philippines. The country could spare an equal number of presidential bees without experiencing any loss.

The man who has named his infant daughter Lusitania will probably be the first to complain if she tries to make a record for speed when she grows up.

A few Hindus who were driven from Canada were driven back again by a mob on this side of the border. Their opinion of occidental civilization would be interesting.

Dr. MacArthur says that Rockefeller regards himself as a mere trustee of his wealth. Why, then, not refer the question of Standard Oil policy to the millions whose trustee he is?

A Nebraska farmer has recently married a New York woman for whom he waited twenty-five years. Such constancy deserves a rich reward, but he will make a serious mistake if he thinks he can stay out late at night without shaking her faith.

An English physician has lately announced that people do not eat enough. This is doubtless true of most women; for when the man of the house is away they congratulate themselves on not having to get regular meals, and become nervous and irritable through lack of proper food. American husbands and American physicians have long known this.

Arizona and New Mexico, having decided by popular vote that they did not care to be united in one State, will remain territories for a while longer. The President has announced that he will not urge their union upon Congress. He thinks the wishes of the people should be respected. If irrigation does for these territories all that is expected, it will not be many years before they will become so populous and prosperous that their demand to be made independent States will be met.

Within the past year there has been a decided exodus from the government service. The old-time situation when bright minds turned toward "a government job" is now a thing of the past, and in some instances the government is forced to advertise to have positions filled which in former years were eagerly sought. It is true that there is always a good list of eligibles on hand who have passed examinations, but many of these decline appointments because of openings in business life that assure them of better pay and more opportunity for advancement.

On Oct. 1 two important regulations relating to foreign postage went into effect. In place of the old rate for letters sent abroad, five cents for each half ounce and five cents for each additional half ounce or fraction thereof, the new rate is five cents for a whole ounce and three cents for each additional ounce or fraction. The other regulation puts into use the international reply coupon. Hitherto an American writing to England or France and wishing to enclose reply postage had to go to a special dealer and get foreign stamps to enclose, our stamps being of course worthless on a letter mailed in another country. Now all the post offices under the Postal Union issue a coupon which is redeemable at a slight discount in any country. A New Yorker writing to a correspondent in Berlin and wishing to prepay the reply encloses a coupon which costs him six cents, and which can be exchanged at any German post office for German stamps amounting to five cents. The discount goes to the treasury of the International Postal Bureau. The cou-

pons may of course be used in place of foreign money orders to send small amounts, just as stamps are often used in domestic transactions.

The ocean record held in Germany has been beaten by the Lusitania. The turbine engines have come up to the expectation of their constructor. On the first passage fogs and rebellious stokers, combined with the natural stiffness of new machinery, prevented the display of the Lusitania's full powers. On the second westward passage the engines ran smoothly and all parts of the machinery, being now somewhat acquainted, worked well together. Only four days after the coast of Ireland disappeared the Nantucket lighthouse was sighted, and the whole run from Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook was well under five days. The practicability of the turbine, the oldest form of steam engine, has been established. The experts who scoffed at the idea of using anything but reciprocating engines for boats larger than torpedo destroyers and channel steamers must acknowledge themselves in the wrong. Unless Germany wishes to remain in the back ground it will be necessary to build still larger boats with more turbines. The relation of speed in the new style of steamers to the consumption of coal has not been calculated, and German companies may conclude that the game is not worth the candle, but unless some unexpected development takes place in the construction of marine gas engines or in the wireless transmission of power the boat which beats the record of the Lusitania will have to have turbine engines. America has no transatlantic steamers to compare for a moment with the giants of the British and German merchant navy. However the success of the turbine opens up new possibilities in the development of the coasting trade and the passenger business on the great lakes. One of the fast turbine steamers used on the English channel would make the passage from Chicago to Milwaukee as quickly as an express train, and would cut in two the time between other lake ports. The Asiatic possessions of the United States could be brought several days nearer if turbine engines were in use on the transpacific liners. The only question is, is time money? The owners of the Lusitania are to be congratulated on the success of their new venture. When the achievements of Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, in the early days of exploration are recalled it seems fitting that this steamer, destined to work as much of a revolution in navigation as the vessels of Vasco da Gama and Prince Henry, should bear the name of that country.

THE REAR WINDOWS.

The old joke of the building which was Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann behind embraces a principle applicable to mere architecture. Any law of existence that reaches out in one direction only argues a false front. The individual whose scheme of humanity does not include all sorts and conditions of mankind lacks a right back; and of character. A little lesson of this kind was quietly, perhaps unconsciously, taught one bright day last spring.

Mrs. Brown and her friend sat with their work on the front piazza. It was one of the first warm days, and the sunshine fell gratefully on the newly awakened sod of the little lawn. Up the graveled walk came a man wheeling a barrow-load of bright bloom.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Brown, jumping up. "There are the plants Brother Charles promised for my beds. Tulips, what gorgeous ones, and hyacinths, and daffodils, and those dashing blue cillas. How lovely! I do hope they won't be hurt by transplanting. Put them in those round beds in front, John, and in the long bed on the south side," and Mrs. Brown returned to her work and her friend.

The next day she went out to see how the work was progressing.

The front beds were full, and the long strip glowed with brilliant colors. John was spading on the grass plot near the clothes shed.

"What are you digging there for?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "It's a perfect waste to put them there, where they won't be seen."

"Sure," said John, thrusting in his spade, "it's in good view of the kitchen windows. Bridget can see them fine."

As Mrs. Brown walked back to the piazza there was a light flush on her cheeks, born of a new thought.

A Generous Joker.

Could you have been with me on top of one of the old horse drawn busses on a certain afternoon you would have seen a middle aged gentleman, slightly the worse for wine, take a couple of half sovereigns from his purse. Before him sat two little Eton boys in short jackets and diminutive beaver hats. With much chuckling, the gentleman, leaning forward, dropped his half sovereigns down their backs, next their shirts, and it would have done your heart good to have seen the expressions on the countenances of those boys alter from dismay as the cold coins slipped down their spines to wonder and delight as, after much wriggling each had extracted the money from the vicinity of his sock.—*Ad-brey Lanston in Bohemian.*

Beginning at Home.

Said the millionaire one day, when he for charity was dunned, "Lots of my money every year goes to a fresh hair fund."—*Houston Post.*

HIS PACKAGE

The bill clerk signed the receipt book that the boy had offered him, frowning blackly, and then regarded the package with an expression of disgust.

"I've a big notion to send it right back to him," he said to the cashier. "Wouldn't that jar you?"

"I suppose it would rock me to my foundation," said the cashier, agreeably. "I'd be more confident if I knew what it was, though."

"It's a suit of clothes I sent to be cleaned," growled the bill clerk, "and instead of sending it to me at the house they dump it on me here."

"It does look rather unbusinesslike, having your raiment delivered at the office," conceded the cashier. "Still, as long as our respected employer hasn't seen it and there isn't any probability that any one will call his attention to it, I wouldn't worry."

"I've got to carry it home, that's what's worrying me," said the bill clerk.

"How much does it weigh?" inquired the cashier. "I suppose you could hire a truck if it is more than you can stagger under. But the boy didn't seem to look fatigued, not more so than a messenger boy usually does. Have you sprained your wrist, or anything?"

"No, I haven't," snapped the bill clerk, "but I'm not stuck on carrying parcels through the street. And it isn't an ornamental package at that."

"I'm very dense," said the cashier, slapping his forehead. "I declare I hadn't thought of that. People will be likely to see you if you carry it, won't they? I suppose it would appear a little suspicious if you tried to conceal it underneath your coat."

The bill clerk looked at him contemptuously.

"How would it be if you dragged it behind you by a piece of string and tried to look as if it didn't belong to you?" suggested the cashier. "Folks mightn't notice the string. They might think it was a strange parcel following you without your aid or consent."

"Oh, cut it out!" said the bill clerk, impatiently.

"I don't know how else to advise you, Johnny," said the cashier. "Not unless you want to kick it ahead of you, and that would be apt to burst the paper. Too bad! You might be mistaken for a suburbanite."

The bill clerk dropped the package by the side of his desk and went to work on his books.

"Don't think that I don't sympathize with you," said the cashier, gently. "I know how annoying it is to a sensitive person to be the cynosure of all eyes and the observed of all observers. I can quite imagine the sensation that you will cause when you appear on the street. I can see the amazement, the wonder and horror of the crowd. I can almost hear the hoots of derision and the sneering remarks of the men and the titters or pitying expressions, as the case may be, of the women. It's a darned shame. I wonder if they won't have it in the papers. I want you to understand, Johnny, that if they get your picture from anybody it won't be from me. If they try to snapshot you put up your umbrella. I'll lend you mine if you haven't one here. I don't make it a rule to lend you umbrellas."

"You don't make it a rule to return the ones you borrow from me, either," said the bill clerk.

"Mr. Gosley Has a Package!" said the cashier in headline tones. "Ornament of LaSalle Street Burdened with a Bundle! Tut, tut! Johnny, you simply must not carry that. Let me carry it for you. It won't matter so much for me. If I wore a hat with a blue and white striped band and embroidered socks and a silver-mounted stick it might be different, but I don't, and out of a thousand people that I meet it's quite likely that not more than 500 will know me or care a continental what I'm carrying. You'd better let me carry it. I'm nobody in particular."

"You ain't doing yourself justice," said the bill clerk. "I think you're the prize smart Aleck of the village."—*Chicago Daily News.*

TWO GENERATIONS OF HOHENZOLLERNS. CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AND SON.



Here is the latest portrait of the German Crown Prince and his son. The German Crown Prince, Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, is now 25 years old. Two years ago he married the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Their little son, who was born on July 4, 1906, and who is here shown sitting on his father's knee, bears the title of Prince William Frederick Francis Joseph Christian Olaf of Germany and Prussia.

Protecting Coal Miners.

The terrible accidents which have occurred recently in the coal mines of Germany and France have drawn the attention of scientists, especially in the former country, to the introduction of methods of protecting the miners against the recurrence of such calamities or at least to diminishing as far as possible, the ensuing loss of life, says the New York Tribune.

One measure contemplated is the construction of safety chambers, shut off from the rest of the mine and protected against explosions. A conduit of compressed air is introduced into these excavated rooms, and should the conduit be destroyed vessels or bottles filled with oxygen stored in the chambers are intended to supply the necessary air until a rescue can be effected. A logical extension of the plan is the

equipment of these chambers with a sufficient supply of water and condensed food to sustain life for a reasonable period of time in somewhat the same manner as lifeboats on vessels are equipped.

An Improvement.

The joys of the suburbanite are a fertile source of newspaper fun all over the country, for every city has its suburbs. Here is the Philadelphia Inquirer's little fling.

"I see they have taken the seven a. m. train off this line. Do you miss it?" asked one suburbanite of another.

"Not so often as I used to when it was on."

The longer a woman has been married, the greater her wonder that she ever thought wedding clothes would cut any figure in her happiness.

ANSWERED.

Is I happy, honey? sho
I's too busy chile to know.
Got ter git dis washin' out
While de sun am lurkin' 'bout.

Cook de dinner, hoe de co'n,
An' ez sho ez yo's done bo'n
Den I'll hab ter stop agen
Ter whip dat pickaninny Ben;

Git de goat an' chillen fed;
Count em ez dey goes ter bed,
Teachin' manners while I sews
Patches on de old man's clo'es.

Sakes alive! I's hustlin' so,
Clar ter goodness ef I know
Ef I's happy or I ain't,
Goa no time ter make complaint.

When I's nuthin' else ter do
I'll set down an' think it thro'.
But de day ter think an' set
Lor' dat day ain't got hyah yet.
—Dixie Wolcott.

The Drawing.

The captive was to all appearances living the last moments of his life. With rope about his neck, the limb of a tree in close proximity, and the crowd of excited miners, gamblers and prospectors surging round him, he stood, fearlessly, quiet and resigned.

The leader of the mob was speaking. "Boys, this critter is about to die. Not because he shot a man, not because he killed half a dozen men, or is a brigand. No, because he has done what no man in this section of the country would do had he any spark of the stuff we are supposed to have lost on our entrance to the West in him—honor."

He has been convicted by common assent as a boss thief. To be a boss thief in the section of the country where we are is to be the lowest thing a man—an' he ain't a man at that—can be. I ain't got much to say, and I ain't taking long to say it, but he's got to suffer the penalty of his crime."

Finishing his speech amid the roar of the men's voices, he stepped from the log on which he was standing and addressed the man:

"If you know any prayers, mister, say them; 'cause you won't have long



"LIBERTY."

to live. Do you want to be blindfolded?"

"No," was the calm answer.

"Then pray," were the last words of the big fellow.

The crowd did not expect to see the figure move, but in an instant the man was on his knees praying with fervor. Several minutes had elapsed when a horse's hoofs were heard grinding over the rocky road. A minute more and a young woman of comely appearance threw herself from her horse and sobbed upon the neck of the kneeling man.

"Joe, Joe, what is the trouble? Oh, don't kill him! Don't murder him!" she sobbed, with the tears blinding her and rolling down her ashen cheeks. "Joe, I love you—love you—love you. Do you understand?" she cried.

He said nothing, not even returning her caresses, and, staring straight ahead, seemed to be lost in oblivion.

The words of the big fellow, clad in the blue dannel shirt, claps and boots, seemed to tear apart the heartstrings of the young woman as she fell to the ground with a sob.

"Wait, wait," she pleaded to the mob. "I wish to say something. Listen to me, for God's sake!"

The girl's eyes were dull and listless. She spoke in a monotone, without gestures of any kind. Her plain black dress, with the white ashken hue of her cheeks, made a contrast not to be forgotten in a moment.

"Gentlemen, I am the cause of the man standing there, dumb to my entreaties. It was not because he wished the animal for himself, but because I had called him a coward for not being brave enough to face this very scene."

"My sister, you all know her, was in agony at her cabin in the hill last

PHOTOGRAPH COVETED BY BERLIN.



THE KAISERIN IN THE COSTUME OF THE WIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

As much coveted by the loyal citizens of the Fatherland as is the photograph of the Kaiser in the dress of his ancestor, Frederick the Great, is that of his consort above depicted.

There is this difference: His majesty, when he learned of the indiscretion of the court photographer in allowing a copy of his photo to be stolen from the studio by an enterprising kodak fiend, stopped at once the sale of his photograph in the historic costume. Nevertheless, too many were set to prevent the suppression of the picture.

As to the picture of the Empress, it is sold by the thousands throughout Germany already, though the photograph was taken only a few weeks ago. The Empress looks most charming in this costume of the wife of Frederick the Great. It displays the very artistic taste of that period, both as to the cut of the dress and the material.

The Zoo By Night.

The average growlup who visits the zoo thinks it rather a dull sort of show, for the fact that the animals are captive robs them of all the romance that would attach to them in their native forests.

But let the blase sightseer obtain permission to visit the zoo at midnight, and his impressions will be very different. Darkness hides the bars and the boards, and the eyes of some wakeful creature gleam malleously at you. For the moment you imagine that you are in the wilds, on equal terms with the creatures around.

Poised on the swings and platforms at the top of their cages sleep the monkeys, instinct surviving their loss of freedom, for in the forests they had to sleep thus to avoid the beasts of prey.

Here rests a lioness, prone upon her back, her legs rigid in the air and her paws hanging limply down. There reclines her lord, asleep upon his side, his paws turned in and his general pose not unlike that of a dog.

The more cunning and more cowardly of the animals do not seem to sleep at all, for as soon as they hear our approaching footsteps they give us their greeting with snarls and malevolent growlings and watch us suspiciously till we depart.—*Pearson's.*

In the Planting Season.

S. F. Hood, of the Department of Agriculture, at a dinner where he was the guest of honor, told a seasonable agricultural story, a story that should appeal to all suburbanites.

"One beautiful spring morning," he began, "a suburbanite looked suspiciously over his hedge and said to his neighbor:

"Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole there?"

"The neighbor laughed—a harsh, bitter laugh.

"Oh," he said, "I'm just replanting some of my nasturtium seeds, that's all."

"Nasturtium seeds?" shouted the first man, angrily. "It looks more like one of my buff Leghorn hens."

"Oh, that's all right," the other retorted. "The seeds are inside."—*New York Tribune.*

His Real Merit.

"I see," said the shade of Gen. Putnam, "that they are agitating my ride on earth."

"Yes!" said the astral body interpreter.

"They have overlooked my prime achievement," declared the old warrior. "For unlike most men I got out of a predicament by getting in a hole."

Joke.

"He's a diamond merchant"

"He?"

"Yes; he sells peanuts on the baseball field."—*Yale Record.*

Revenge may be sweet, but seeking it is apt to sour one's disposition.

A judgment could be gotten against almost any of us for negligence.

A woman can never understand why callers invariably drop in when she isn't dressed to receive them.

ALASKA SENTINEL

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A WORLD'S SYMPATHY

All mankind is casting sym-
pathetic eye and thought toward the
sorrow-riven homes in and about
Monangah, West Virginia, where
550 souls were recently swept into
one vast grave they had, for the
most part, dug for themselves in
the course of their daily labor; and
American purse-strings will loosen
in this behalf and the world will
have another example of the gen-
erous interest this country feels in
those who are undone by sudden
adversity.

The great coal mines in which
this awful tragedy was enacted are
said to be among the most modern
and best equipped, in point of life-
saving devices, in all the world,
and it is creditable to the compa-
nies controlling them that it is so.
But human ingenuity and generos-
ity are altogether futile against the
ravages of natural forces such as
play in the depths of the earth.
And even in Pennsylvania, where
all these worst horrors come from;
whence coal mining has reached
the highest point and pitch of per-
fection known to man, man is still
helpless before the elements it is
not given him to dominate. He
can but do his best, and having
done it, leave the rest to fate, or
the play of a will supernal, and
eternal.

DO A CHEERFUL STUNT

When in doubt about anything
that can not be explained just at
the moment, do the optimistic
thing and put it on a cheerful level
anyway. Do a cheerful stunt; it
makes one feel better and forms a
kind of mental cushion for the re-
actionary blow when it does arrive.
Good cheer has saved many a for-
lorn situation, and created many a
new chance to recover from what
looked to be irretrievable loss and
discomfiture. Patience and cour-
age and confidence have won more
battles than steel and strategy ever
engaged in; and they are most

invincible qualities if they are cul-
tivated constantly as part and par-
cel of one's philosophic armament,
and are not left merely for adven-
turous recourse at some especial
crisis. Good cheer has a definite
money-value if one hunts closely
for it. It has a light all its own,
whereby one may guide one's self,
and others, to the blessed realm of
achievement. It is a gracious hab-
bit, and it grows like a weed when
given a chance. Try it on, once;
do a cheerful stunt and see where
it ends.

New Year's Day, 1908, is past,
but it is still time to resolve that,
during the present year, you will
be kind and courteous to neighbors
and citizens; say nothing detri-
mental of a fellow-being, but, rather,
search out and extol the better
traits in the character of others;
be honest and fair in all your deal-
ings with men; give as liberally as
possible to aid the less fortunate;
patronize your home merchants,
thereby keeping the money circulat-
ing at home; take advantage of
every opportunity to tell inquiring
outsiders of the wonderful natural
resources, advantages and possibili-
ties of the section in which you
live; do not allow your subscrip-
tion to become delinquent; and,
last, but not least, work like a Tro-
jan for a level walk along the
beach to connect Stikine Avenue
with Front Street.

What has been done with the
projected improvement of the Dry
Straits? For several years this
matter has been the subject of con-
siderable interest and effort on the
part of the local Chamber of Com-
merce, and a preliminary survey
by an army engineer officer. But
it now seems that the matter has
been dropped entirely. We must
bear in mind that eternal persist-
ence and "boosting" is the only
means by which we can accomplish
our point and desire in this regard,
and in order to not lose interest,
we should endeavor to make the
organization that has done so much
a Chamber of Commerce, in acts
as well as in name. Attend the
meetings and thus show your in-
terest in the welfare of the town.

Several hundred of acres of good,
tillable land lie undeveloped and
unclaimed in the delta of the Stik-
ine River. This land has been
formed by the alluvial deposits of
the river, and is an ideal place for
the cultivation of potatoes, turnips,
rutabagas, etc. Each acre will
produce, annually, three hundred
sacks of the finest potatoes, which
will fully mature. With potatoes
selling at over two dollars a sack, it
would seem that a profitable and
easy living could be made by a few
persons acquainted with the culti-
vation of vegetables of this sort.

The late stringency in the money
market has had its effect on the
affairs of many in this locality, who
make trapping their winter voca-
tion. The price of furs has dropped
on account of a decrease in their
demand, and in consequence, the

trappers who are able to do so are
keeping their furs and saving them
for the inevitable raise in price af-
ter the "panic." This fact will
cause a vast difference in the vol-
ume of fur business between this
and former years.

The Portland Oregonian, in a
third-of-a-column announcement,
published a few days ago, claims
that it has been a republican organ
since the organization of the party,
but will be no longer. That paper
has not been recognized either fi-
nancially or in principle, just
which is not clearly stated. But
when it is urged that the republi-
can ticket must be supported, the
people have bolted. Now the pa-

per proposes to follow their exam-
ple and itself bolt. In truth there
are some who have impressions
that there are instances where the
big daily has vehemently asserted
before that it was not a party or-
gan, but an independent newspa-
per. The Oregonian has always
leaned to free trade, a policy never
advocated by the republican party
—in its currency views, however,
it has been orthodox, and the peo-
ple of the Northwest will regret to
see it go over to the democracy.
The Oregonian, however, reserves
the privilege of supporting Roose-
velt, if he should be nominated,
but the other man must take his
chances.

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